

An Epitaph vpon the deth of kyng Edward



De we pleasure
Gone is our treasure
Mozning maie be our
mirth.
For Edward our kig
That rose did spring
Is baded and lyeth
in earth.

Therefore mozne we may.
Both night and day
And in hart we may be ful sad:
Sence Brute came in
Or at any time sence
The like treasure we neuer had
But death with his darte
Hath pearced the harte
Of that Prince moste excellent:
The childe new borne
May lament and mozne
And for the death of him repent
Gone is our ioy.
Our sport and our play
Our comfort is turned to care.
To Englands great cost
This iewel we haue lost,
That with al christendō might compare
Of so noble a birth,
The godliest in earth.
Our true kinge and eye by right:
Edward by name
Borne of Quene Jane
And sonne to kinge Henry the eyght
At the age of sixtene yeres
As by the Cronicles aperes,
In the seuenth yere of his raigne
God toke him away,
Our comfort and ioy,
To Englandes greates dolour and payne
In his tender age,
So graue and so sage
So well learned and wittie:
And now that swete flower
Hath builded his bower
In the earth the moze is the pitie.
The whose losse and lacke,
Is to Englande a wracke,
All faythfull hartes may mozne:
To se that swete childe.
Someke and so milde
So soone subdued to wormes



Out of Grenewiche he is gone,
And lieth vnder a stone,
That loueth both house and parker:
Thou shalt see him no moze
That set by thee suche store
For death hath pearced his hart.

Gone is our king,
That woulde runne at the ringe,
And oftentimes ryde on black heath.
He noble men of cheualry,
And ye men of artillerie
May all lament his death.

That swete childe is deade,
And lapped in leade
And in Westminster lyeth full colde
All hartes may rewe
That euer they him knew
Or that swete childe did beholde.

Farewell Diamonde deare,
Farewell Christall cleare,
Farewell the flower of cheualry
The Lorde hath taken him
And for his peoples sinne
A iust plage for our iniquitie.

But now ye noble peeres
Marke well your yeares
For you do not know your day:
And this you may be bolde,
Both yonge and olde
You shall die and hence away:

And for our royall kinge
The noblest liuinge,
No longer with vs may tarie:
But his soule we do commende,
Unto the Lordes hande,
Who preserue our noble Quene Mary.

Longe with vs to endure,
With myrth ioy and pleasure,
To rule her realme a right:
All her enemies to withstande
By sea and by lande,
Lorde preserue her both day and nighte.

God saue the Kinge and
the Queene.

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